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 Philadelphia, Friday, March 21, 1919

UNCLE SAM, INSURANCE AGENT
 THE government wrote about fifteen billion dollars' worth of insurance for its soldiers and sailors and virtually doubled the amount of insurance carried by the citizens of this country.
 It is now planning to change the war-risk policies into ordinary life policies of the various kinds issued by the private companies. The Treasury Department has approved the forms of the new policies and the soldiers will soon be asked to adjust their insurance to a peace basis. If the soldiers consent the government will soon be conducting the biggest insurance business in the world.
 It is not likely that any one anticipated this sort of thing when the war began, unless it were the man who devised the war-risk insurance plan. If the government continues in the business it will be because it has drifted into it and cannot very well drift out of it. Congress will probably have something to say on the subject before many months have passed.

WHAT P. R. T. FIGURES INDICATE
 IF THE population of this city had increased as rapidly in the last eight years as the passenger receipts of the P. R. T. this would be a community of 2,500,000 persons.
 The passenger receipts have grown from \$18,000,000 to \$30,000,000, or sixty-six and two-thirds per cent—a remarkably good showing. The population has increased less than thirty-three and one-third per cent.
 The P. R. T. is carrying 2,240,000 passengers a day, or 300,000 more than in 1917.
 These figures are an illuminating revelation of the growing business activity of Philadelphia. The bigger the city gets to be the more frequently do its citizens ride on the street cars.
 Eight years ago there was less than one fare a day collected for each inhabitant. Last year more than one and a third fares was collected from each inhabitant. In 1925 this will probably grow to two fares.
 Every improvement in transportation makes new business. If it is easy for people to get about the city they will get about. If it is difficult they will stay at home.
 No forecast of probable increase in business following the opening of a new car line on the surface or above or below it has ever been optimistic enough. And no growing city has car lines enough to meet the demand.
 There is no reason to justify pessimism in the P. R. T. management. If it will continually improve its service the people will continue to pour their nickels into its coffers.

THE MEDICAL VOLUNTEERS
 THE tribute which Dr. Edward P. Davis, president of the Volunteer Medical Corps, pays to that organization, which is to be dissolved on April 1, is thoroughly well deserved. It was not a showy role which these fifty-six thousand physicians played, but civilian health during the war profited largely by their accomplishments, and their aid to the military branches of the service was also comprehensive and valuable.
 When peace is signed and the country settles down it is inevitable that the preservation of the public health will play an increasingly larger part in the government's activities. In this connection it is significant that the surgeon general will retain the list of all the doctors who were members of this corps for consideration should future emergencies arise. The stimulus to patriotic public service which these men gave does not by any means pass with the dissolution of their energetic corps.

FI FORGOT THE MAIN ISSUE
 SENATOR FLETCHER'S boast that the last Congress passed more important legislation to build up the American merchant marine than any other Congress ever passed has some of the elements of truth in it.
 It is true that under the new laws about 15,000,000 tons of shipping have been provided for and that 4,000,000 tons have been built and commissioned, 2,000,000 tons have been launched and the others are awaiting equipment and 8,000,000 tons have been contracted for.
 But when normal conditions on the sea are restored, how is all this shipping to be operated at a profit under the American flag?
 Unfortunately, the Congress which authorized the building of the ships has forgotten the main issue of making such a change in our sea power as will provide for their

can merchant fleet—that is, putting the fleet on the seas—will have to be done by the new Congress. It must authorize the payment of subsidies or subventions to enable the American owner to compete with the foreign owner or virtually every ship that has been built will be sold abroad and will fly the flag of a foreign nation.
 The present shipping laws are inadequate. Under them what little shipping we had on the Pacific disappeared before we entered the war. So long as there is a scarcity of shipping we may be able to worry along in competition with other nations, but the moment the world returns to peace conditions the disintegration of the great merchant fleet which is built or contracted for will begin unless Congress acts to prevent it.
 The intelligent revision of the shipping laws is one of the most important tasks before the new Congress. We assume that the members of the Committee on the Merchant Marine are already considering a legislative program and will be ready to announce it in the near future.

THE MAN IN THE STREET VS. LODGE'S STANDPATS
 The League of Nations Poll Shows That United States Senators Need to Go Home Occasionally
 SENATOR LODGE seems to be hedging a bit in his opposition to the league of nations.
 Senator Reed took his Senate aberrations to Missouri and fifty of the sixty-seven Democratic Representatives in the Legislature promptly demanded his resignation.
 Medill McCormick was hooted down at a banquet in this city for a speech that would have won him applause and congratulations in the Senate chamber.
 The city of Washington is not the United States!
 It was intended, when the President insisted upon an adjournment, that the members should leave their cloister on Capitol Hill and learn from the home folks something of what is going on in the world. That was a wise provision. The light seems to be breaking in a good many quarters. And the forces that are at work to inspire second thoughts in the Lodges and the Reeds of America are revealed in the league-of-nations poll now being made in Philadelphia by representatives of this newspaper. Two men and women out of every three desire a league of nations.

BUREAUCRACY RUN MAD
 THE Cincinnati Times-Star, owned by a brother of former President Taft, has raised a point in connection with the ruling of the Internal Revenue Department on the alcoholic content of non-intoxicating beer which will commend itself to every business man who has dealings with government departments.
 There is no definition of an intoxicating beverage in the wartime prohibition law. Whether it was omitted deliberately or by inadvertence does not matter. It is not there. The Internal Revenue Department has assumed the power to make a definition of its own and it has ruled that a beverage containing more than one-half of one per cent of alcohol is intoxicating. The experience of experts is that beer with two and three-fourths per cent of alcohol is not intoxicating, and Elihu Root has advised the brewers to disregard the ruling of the government bureau.
 The question at issue is not whether a certain content of alcohol makes a drink intoxicating, but whether a bureau has the right to fix an arbitrary limit in the absence of any definite authority of law. The Internal Revenue Department has merely followed long-established precedent in this matter. The Postoffice Department has for years made arbitrary rulings on the postal laws, from which there has been no appeal; and the collectors of customs have done the same. In the customs department, however, provision is made for an appeal, but those who have dealings with other bureaus have had to adjust themselves to the views of the little officials who set up their own judgment on the meaning of the law and have supplied out of their own consciousness all omissions made by Congress.
 If the protests against the arbitrariness of the Internal Revenue Bureau shall lead to a sweeping reform in this matter even the extreme prohibitionist ought to be glad that they have been made.

Have Patience
 The world will be inspired, of course, by those writers and speakers who are crowding to the foreground to tell how the war was won. But humanity will be more greatly benefited by any one who will be frank enough to go behind the Kaiser into Germany and the rest of Europe and tell just how the war was started.
 It looks as if it were going to cost the city \$5000 to learn that it is not entitled to Jimmy Sheehan's fees.
 "Dollars Flood Chestnut Street," says a headline. Of course they do. That is where dollars are made.
 Now if the yeowomen only were puttees no one could tell whether their stockings were brown or lavender.
 One cannot visit the Commercial Museum this week without discovering that truck farming is prosperous.
 Hindenburg now says that Wilhelm fled for the good of Germany. There are a great many Germans who will agree with him.
 Why try to force the movie censors to transfer their office from this city to Harrisburg when the General Assembly meets but once in two years?
 Now, if the charter debaters at the City Club tonight will only tell the real reasons for their views we may make some progress as well as get some insight into motives.
 Shipping, tied up by the harbor strike in New York, is coming to this city. If it were necessary to prove that one Atlantic port were not enough for the business of a nation this fact alone would be sufficient.
 It seems unfair to blame Burleson because the sharks who exchange gold bricks for Liberty Bonds do business over the telephone. Where, for example, are the agents of the Treasury Department and the Department of Justice?
 That welfare worker who reports that our soldiers on the other side were too busy attending to their job to give any thought to revolutions upsetting the social order at home verifies the opinions of those who have always had faith in the essential sanity of the average American.
 The Governor had to ask the Attorney General whether he had any right to assign Deputy Superintendent Koch to act as Superintendent of Public Instruction until the vacancy could be filled. The next thing for him to do is to ask the Legislature to provide for the exercise of the functions of every appointive officer by a deputy when the chief is incapacitated or dies.

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they aren't moved by artificial fear of any invasion of our national rights and the Monroe Doctrine.
 Since the polling began there have been few persons unable to strike unerringly, by the power of instinct, at the essentials of the matter. They want their boys at home. They think that selfish men have debased the spirit of nationalism in every country for their own crazy ends. They believe the President is trying to serve humanity. And they want to help him serve humanity if they can.
 That is pretty good Americanism.
 Instinct tells every thinking American that if there are to be more wars we shall not be able to escape them. In that they are right. Europe is prostrate. It is questionable whether any army in western Europe will ever again fight for causes which it does not clearly understand.
 But there are a few nations left that are still fresh and eager for conquest and empire. They can be tied down by moral obligations alone, first because they would fear the antagonism of the rest of mankind and again because civilized men, though they may always refuse to war for the profit of cliques, will defend to the end of time the sort of moral principle that Mr. Wilson and his associates at Paris are trying to embody in the plan for a league of nations.
 Unpretentious people in the streets of this city sense this. Sooner or later realization will dawn in the Senate!

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AIRMEN WILL SHOW COLUMBUS'S MISTAKE
 Suggested Aviation Routes Emphasize the Fact That the Atlantic Isn't So Wide After All If You Use the "Narrows"

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS was an enthusiast, and hence his moral courage stood, the test of a budding mutiny when the sight of the promised western land was so long delayed. Confidence that the Santa Maria, unless favored by extraordinary winds, could make no swifter trip across the Atlantic sustained him. Had he known the truth he would have been really depressed. For the fact is that the great admiral crossed the sea from the Canaries to the Bahamas by one of the longest of routes. The application of accurate geographical knowledge could have cut the passage time easily in one-half, even in 1492.

THE Atlantic's "narrows" are worth considering. Columbus would have delighted to heed them, but he hadn't the chance. The airmen, who are in a sense his modern successors, are more fortunate and their purpose to capitalize their advantage in transatlantic flights that are now imminent.
 In no instance, whether the feat is performed by Fontan, of France; Hawker, of Britain, or Bellinger, of America, will the unbroken air route be three thousand miles long. From Iceland to the Falklands the Western Ocean swings and twists until viewed on a world map it assumes something of the shape of the letter "S." The three thousand-mile width is a popular but erroneous convention. Newfoundland and Ireland are but nineteen hundred miles apart. Pernambuco, Brazil and Dakar, Africa, but eighteen hundred. Furthermore there are island stepping stones to break the journey. The Bermudas provide a handy halting place, as do also the Azores, the Cape Verde and St. Paul's Rocks.

REROUTING the world in this way will occasion some altogether new relationships between the nations and their coastal towns. Dakar, for instance, leaps into prominence. The French have been rather proud of this "made city," established with significant foresight back in the sixties, but to Americans its name carries a wild, almost healthful sound. Yet civilization has considerable to say at Dakar, and it will have more as its proximity to Pernambuco, across the "narrows," is appreciated by airplane pilots.

THE French have worked wonders in the thriving West African city. Senegal, of which Dakar is the only good seaport, suggests lions and crocodiles. What the majority of its inhabitants most think about, however, is groundnuts, of which large quantities are grown, and, of course, the commerce and shipping which is fast developing as a result of the prosperous city's singularly advantageous position. Dakar has its boulevards, its handsome public squares, its fine government buildings, tasteful and attractive in the French manner. Its great harbor works impart a hint of Bordeaux.
 Daintily dressed little French girls roll their hoops and toss their dimes in the parks as merrily as in the Luxembourg Gardens in quaint contrast to the tall, straggling Senegalese, who form the overwhelming majority of the population and are proud of their French citizenship, which places them on a suffrage parity with the whites.
 Spiritual as well as material changes have been at work in Dakar since the republic made it the capital of all their vast possessions in West Africa. The black Senegalese are lusty patriots, superb fighters, as the Huns who met them in Flanders and Champagne now painfully realize.

IF LIEUTENANT PONTAN eventually reaches Dakar and begins there his proposed transatlantic flight he will be feted in a grand way. The city, since the republic made it the capital of all their vast possessions in West Africa. The black Senegalese are lusty patriots, superb fighters, as the Huns who met them in Flanders and Champagne now painfully realize.
 Mounting in his machine he will soar over quaint Goree, that ancient island city, the harbor flashing with silver and zinc-like color, which modern Dakar never attains, and career high over the Atlantic waves to St. Paul's or Sao Pedro's Isles, some thirteen hundred miles away. The green and yellow flag of Brazil floats there and from St. Paul's some five hundred miles of air navigation will bring the pilot to Pernambuco, the vivid tropic mart which is the easternmost metropolis of all the Americas. It bears scant resemblance to Dakar.

PERNAMBUCO is an enterprising entrepot, a busy market for all kinds of tropic products, including most picturequely parrots, screaming of voice as of hue, sold in the open streets. But there is a mellowness and antique charm about this Brazilian city of some 200,000 souls. The Dutch, who were among the early colonizers, have left their architectural imprint, as do the Spaniards, who were taken of the Bermudas. Those sparkling coral isles, beloved of Mark Twain and also of some other folks partial to onions, new potatoes and lilies, will provide a convenient halt some seven hundred miles southeast of Hampton Roads. Taking wing again the American aviator will head for Ireland, seventeen hundred miles away, if the plan goes through as intended.
 Of the three nations, therefore, France has the advantage of the shortest route, America of a charming intermediate stop and Britain of a jump the simplicity of which appeals to the fancy. Any of the courses, if known in 1492, would have saved Columbus a lot of worry. The consideration of them today makes the ocean smaller, even before actual flight reduces the Atlantic to the mere distance between the Atlantic and the Pacific.

WELL, I had three months' rain in London and I hope I did some good work at the desk, though a strong solution of Soot and Labor Unrest is a poor stimulant for a genius who seems doomed to short-circuit on the slightest provocation. However that may be, when the genial genie who presides over our destinies in Whitehall asked me if I would go to the Mediterranean again, I replied that I would go to Hellingford to get warm, or words to that effect. He laughed and said, "Well, go to Constantinople instead." I started and got as far as this enchanted isle, where I found my ship.



ENGINE ROOM AGAIN
 By William McFee
 Chief Engineer H. M. S. Kharki
 The Chaffing Dish's distinguished correspondents have a way of writing to us from pumprooms. The other day it was Mr. Kipling, writing from the Grand Pump Room Hotel at Bath. Now comes William McFee, our most cherished correspondent on naval matters, who flings us a cheery dispatch from a pumproom of a very different sort. You all know McFee, or ought to, as the author of some very remarkable books, and an engineer lieutenant of the British navy during the war.
 H. M. S. Kharki, Malta, Feb. 22, 1919.

WELL, here am I once more in a boiler-suit. This is a fuel-oil ship, technically belonging to the royal fleet auxiliary, and flies the blue ensign. She chases around after the destroyers, submarines and so forth and suckles them with oil. Whereby I have a most beautiful pumproom, copper and gold, with cream-enamel bulkheads, bronze floorplates and handrails of silver like rays of moonlight! And in the main engine room she shines. The Second, an embittered idealist, cannot conceal from me the months of toil which have produced this satisfactory conclusion. She shines. Her dynamo engines sing like enchanted hummingbirds and her pumps are a crown what a woman's hair is to her—a crown of glory. And now a horde of complacent machinists have come aboard from the yard, men who are past masters in the dextrous surgery of ships, and have disembovelled her. They have ripped out her entrails and placed suspensory bandages about her. They have cut her heart out and taken it ashore to examine (if refer thus poetically to her High Pressure Cylinder). She lies now, stark and stripped, in a byway of French Creek, apparently in the throes of an undignified dissolution, but really advancing toward her reincarnation. When the Dockyard Refit is over, when her red-lacer wounds are healed and covered with seamy gray paint, when her one gruff little funnel (I borrow the adjective from that fine young artist Thomas Burke) rears up its riveted throat once more to the skies (and coughs wet steam over an indignantly and immaculate destroyer), when all the sad array of the engine and boiler rooms has sifted once again into the slick sobriety of efficient routine, you will not know her! And as Du Maurier's esthetic dandy said in Punch, as she gazed in a trance at the single lily in a glass of water, "Oh, Edwin, may we live up to it!" So I hope to live up to the franco standard attempted by the present reconstruction.

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THE CHAFFING DISH
 for an attache case and my hand struck an icy object. And lo! it was my foot. My breath froze on the windows in fantastic devisings, and a French major in the opposite corner created an international crisis by losing his pince-nez on the floor and winking us all to order us to keep our feet up while he got down to find them. It took him hours, I believe, for of course he could not see without them.
 Great nation, the French. They have the best bread and the worst tea in the world. I should like to tell you, if I had time, the story of the marine (French naval lower deck rating) who rode from Dijon to Avignon in our compartment in the seat which had been reserved by telegram for a rear admiral. No doubt he was guillotined at Avignon, for I saw a flag at half-mast as I bolted my five-franc dejeuner (avec vin) and the indignant officer, who had stood in a cold vestibule for 200 miles, put his feet up on my suitcase and glared clear into Marseilles. I saw him later on in the Canneliere (pronounced Can o' Beer by the British E. F.) escorting two formidable females to the Casino.
 WHAT I was going to say when I divined that orders to travel interrupted a series of "Letters on Leave" which I was writing (some of them in bed). I did six or seven and intended to do a dozen.
 Have I mentioned K.? I believe not. She is a woman who is modern without being mendacious. She is by no means unique in that she regards ships with jealousy. She feels, without ever having been told, that ships steal the hearts of men. Some ships do. They fill the heart and the eye and inspire love. Some ships are ladies—not necessarily liners, either—they are tall and stand-offish and you have to woo them for years before they recognize you for a real lover. This ship is not a fine lady—rather a saucy little nursemaid who will let you walk with her for a spell—say until peace is signed—and think none the worse of you because you go off to America and perhaps don't write.
 One of the advantages of Malta over London is that here in Valletta I get the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post for sixpence, whereas in Leicester Square it costs sevenpence.

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THE UNDELIVERED
 OUT of the night an angry woman crying.
 A typist clicking on the clink of glass.
 Laughter, a tenuous music, all denying
 The whole dark silence of the sky; these
 pass.
 The lighted windows blacken, one by one;
 The stealthy noises of the late hour
 cease;
 Anger and business, mirth and love, are
 done,
 Safe in sleep's amber envelope of peace,
 Safe, as in death, they lie; but with day's
 breaking
 They stir uneasy limbs once more, and
 know
 The dull familiar throb of waking,
 And all night's soft forgettings swift
 to go.
 They have had release; but the unsleeping,
 these
 Are prisoners who have thrown away the
 keys.
 —Babette Deutsch, in the Lyric.

They tell us that fresh eggs brought from Lancaster County by postal motor-truck are selling at thirty-eight cents a dozen, but how is an overburdened householder to get them?
 Mail aviators flew between this city and Washington at the rate of 114 miles an hour and made a new record for speed. The record for slowness in the delivery of mail is still held by the postoffice in Ninth street.
 There seems to have been a concert of bids among the bandmasters offering to give concerts in the parks next summer. Every one of the six bidders offered to supply the music for \$19,413.50. But why the fifty cents?

What Do You Know?
 QUIZ
 1. How long is the government's Alaska railway now under construction from Seward to Fairbanks?
 2. What is the baptismal name of the present Pope?
 3. How are treaties ratified in the United States?
 4. What part of England is known as the Duchy?
 5. Who wrote the doxology beginning "Praise God From Whom All Blessings Flow"?
 6. Name two prehistoric animals allied to the contemporary elephant?
 7. How long was W. J. Bryan Secretary of State in Wilson's cabinet?
 8. Whom did Shakespeare call "the hook-nosed fellow of Rome"?
 9. How is the word Newfoundland pronounced by the inhabitants of that island?
 10. What leaf is represented in the decoration of the capitals of Corinthian columns?
 Answers to Yesterday's Quiz
 1. The oldest reigning dynasty is that of Japan, said to have been founded by the Emperor Jimmu Tenno in 600 B. C.
 2. Railway coaches are called carriages in England.
 3. The westernmost cape of Africa is Cape Verde, near Dakar, Senegal.
 4. The first name of Premier Orlando of Italy is Vittorio.
 5. Stephen Grever, Cleveland and Thomas Woodrow Wilson dropped their first names in political life.
 6. The population of Rheims has been reduced by the war from about 110,000 to about 8000.
 7. A rabbit is sometimes called a "molly-costonial".
 8. "Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori" means "Sweet and pleasant it is to die for one's country."
 9. Anton Dvornik wrote the "New World Symphony."
 10. The accent in the word Panama should fall on the last syllable.